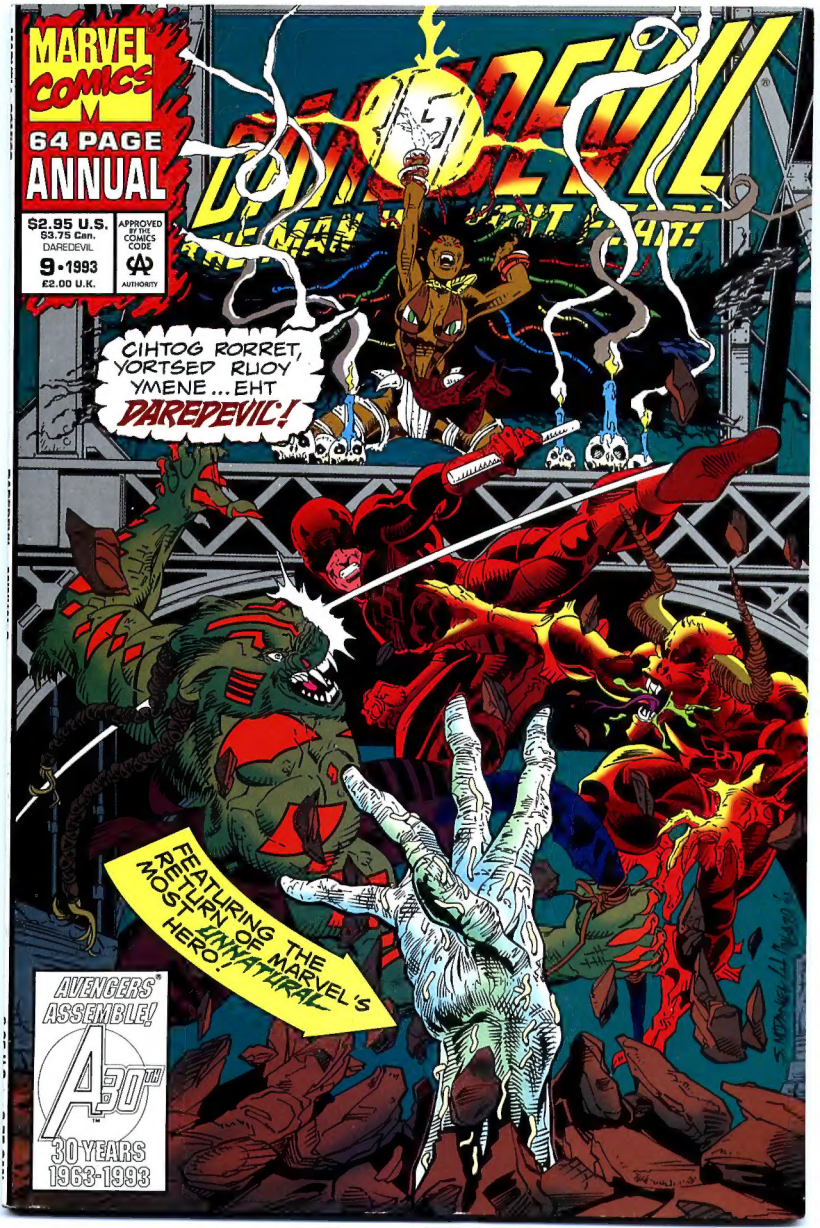
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AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL
CIHTOG RORRET, YORTSED RUOY YMENE... EHT DAREDEVIL!
FEATURING THE MARVEL'S RETURN OF MOST UNNATURAL HERO!
AVENGERS® ASSEMBLE!
30TH
30 YEARS
1963-1993

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DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

ANNUAL

"DEVOURING MADNESS" pg. 2
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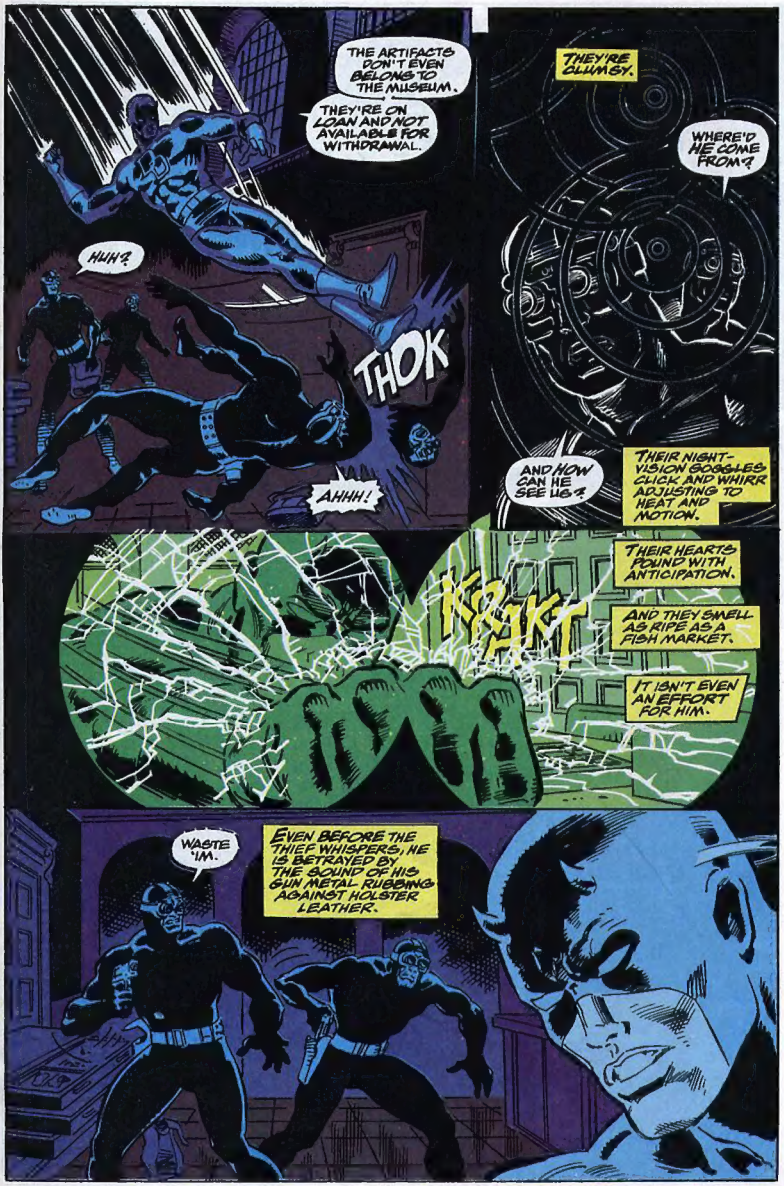
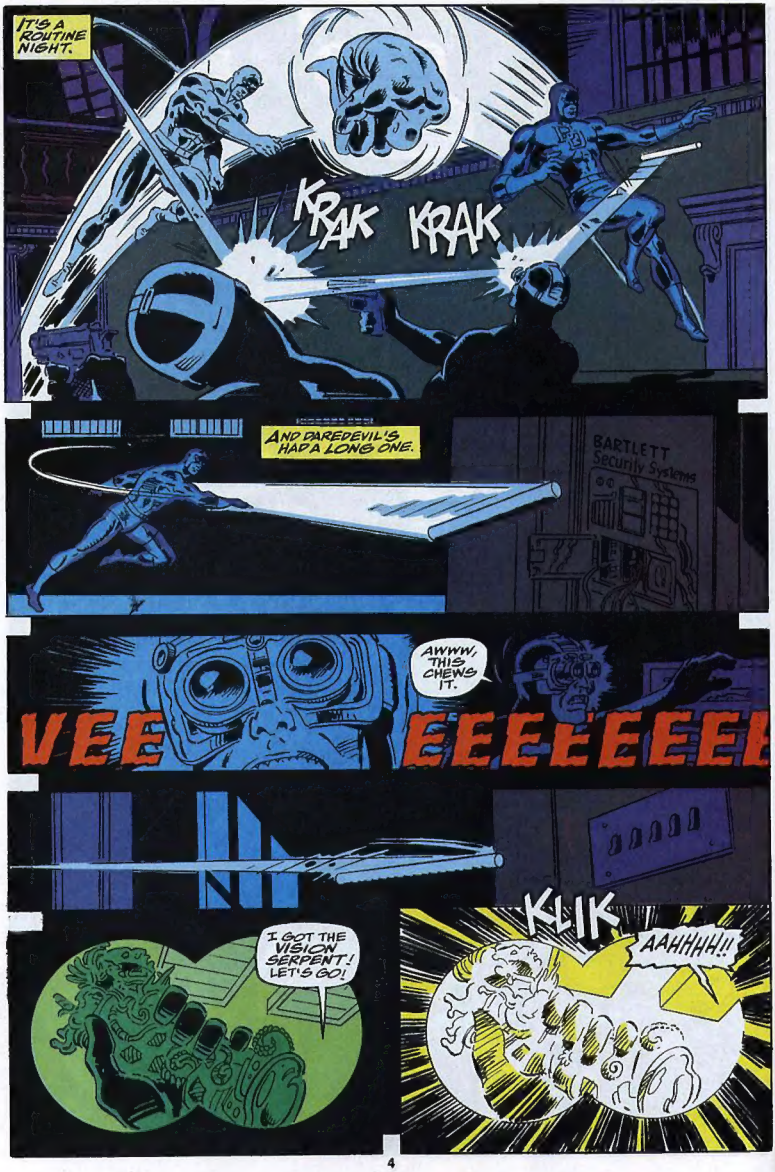
DAREDEVIL® ANNUAL, Vol. 1, No. 9, July, 1993. Published by MARVEL COMICS. Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published annually. Copyright © 1993 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $2.95 per copy in the U.S. and $3.75 in Canada. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

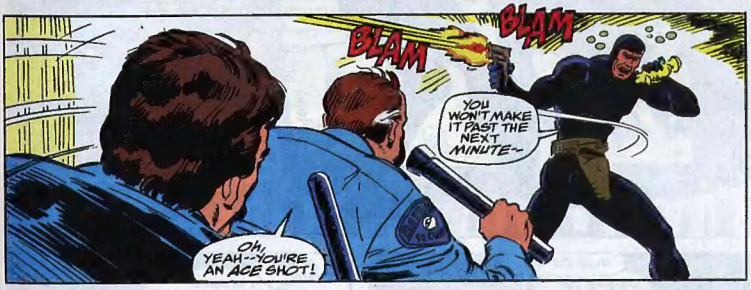
STAN LEE PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

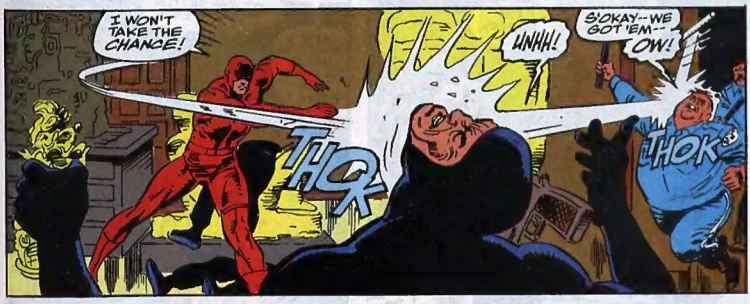
THE DEVOURER CREATED BY GREG WRIGHT & SCOTT McDANIEL.

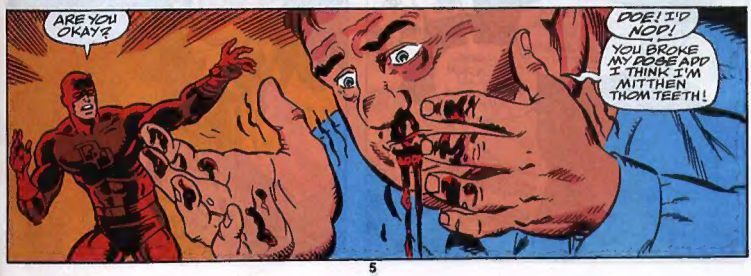

THE ARTIFACTS DON'T EVEN BELONG TO THE MUSEUM.
THEY'RE ON LOAN AND NOT AVAILABLE FOR WITHDRAWAL.
HUH?
THOK
AHHH!
THEY'RE CLUMSY.
WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
AND HOW CAN HE SEE US?
THEIR NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES CLICK AND WHIRR ADJUSTING TO HEAT AND MOTION.
THEIR HEARTS POUND WITH ANTICIPATION.
AND THEY SMELL AS RIPE AS A FISH MARKET.
IT ISN'T EVEN AN EFFORT FOR HIM.
WASTE 'IM.
EVEN BEFORE THE THIEF WHISPERS, HE IS BETRAYED BY THE SOUND OF HIS GUN METAL RUBBING AGAINST HOLSTER LEATHER.

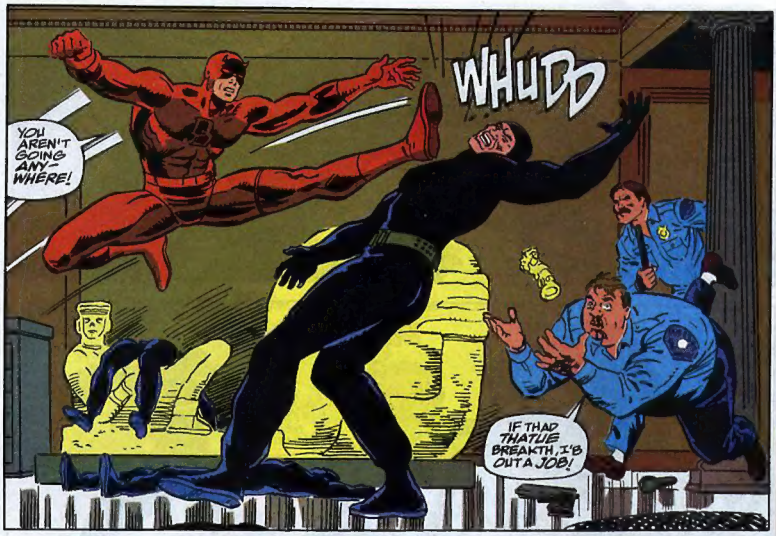

IT'S A ROUTINE NIGHT.
KRAK KRAK
AND DAREDEVIL'S HAD A LONG ONE.
BARTLETT Security Systems
AWWW, THIS CHEWS IT.
VEE EEEEEEEEE
I GOT THE VISION SERPENT! LET'S GO!
KLIK
AAHHHH!!

LIGHT! GEEZ, MY EYEBALLS EXPLODED!
RADIO FER NYPD! WE ACTUALLY GOTTA WORK TONIGHT!


BLAM
BLAM
YOU WON'T MAKE IT PAST THE NEXT MINUTE--
OH, YEAH--YOU'RE AN ACE SHOT!


I WON'T TAKE THE CHANCE!
THOK
UNHH!
S'OKAY--WE GOT 'EM--
OW!
THOK


ARE YOU OKAY?
DOE! I'D NOD!
YOU BROKE MY NOSE AND I THINK I'M MITTHEN THOM TEETH!


YOU AREN'T GOING ANY-WHERE!
WHUDD
IF THAD THATUE BREAKTH, I'B OUT A JOB!

NICE CATCH.
WHERE DO YOU GED OFF WHACKIN' BE ID DA FATHE, HERO?
I'M SORRY, I--
I'B JUSTH A REND-A-COB! THEY DON'D PAY BE ENOUB FOR DITH!
I'LL SEE THAT YOUR MEDICAL EXPENSES ARE--

I'B GONNA THUE!
I'M SURE WE CAN SETTLE THIS OUT OF--
ADD I WAND DA UNION TA PAY ATH WELL!

WE'LL DEAL WITH THESE CRIMINALS. YOU'D BETTER GET TO THE HOSPITAL AND GET CHECKED OUT--
I BILL, ATH SOON ATH I CHECK THE REST OB THESE THATUES...
I AIN'T TAKING THE BLAME IF ANYTHING IS MISSING...
GOT MY OWD BLOOD ON THIS ONE-- HUH?
LOOKID THAD--

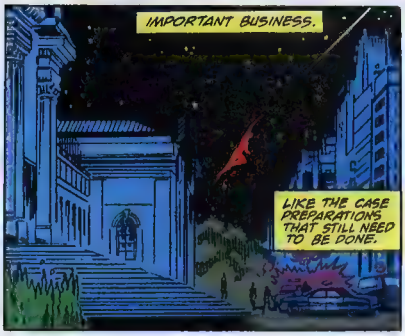
HUHH!
THE LORDS OF DEATH BID YOU GREETINGS FROM XIBALBA.
YOU HAVE ENTERED A SACRIFICIAL BLOOD PACT!
WHAT YOUR KIND WOULD CALL LEGEND HAS NOW COME FULL CIRCLE WITH YOUR OFFERING OF BLOOD.
YOU WILL BE OUR NEW HARBINGER OF A DAWN FOR THE LORDS OF DEATH.
HUHH!
NNnnnn...
YOU WILL BE THE FIRST OF OUR VIRGIN DEVOURERS.

YOU MUST BE REMADE.
HURKK!
HUHH! HUHH!
SKRIITT
AHRRR!
KRK KK LLL
RHART
ARRGHH!
SSSWNKK
IT IS DONE.

YOU ARE REBORN!
YOU MUST CONSUME THE FLESH OF HUMANITY AND PREPARE OUR WAY TO THIS WORLD!

YOU GOT A NICE TURNOVER TONIGHT, DAREDEVIL. ACCORDING TO HQ YOU SENT IN SEVENTEEN OTHERS!
BUSY MAN.
IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT EVER GETS ANY BETTER OUT THERE.
I SHOULD CHECK ON THE OTHER GUARD--

YOU GOT MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS THAN THAT BUM!
I'LL STICK HIM IN A CAB. HE'LL BE FINE.
PROBABLY FAKIN' IT ANYWAY, TRYIN' TO SCAM INSURANCE MONEY.
THANKS.


IMPORTANT BUSINESS.
LIKE THE CASE PREPARATIONS THAT STILL NEED TO BE DONE.

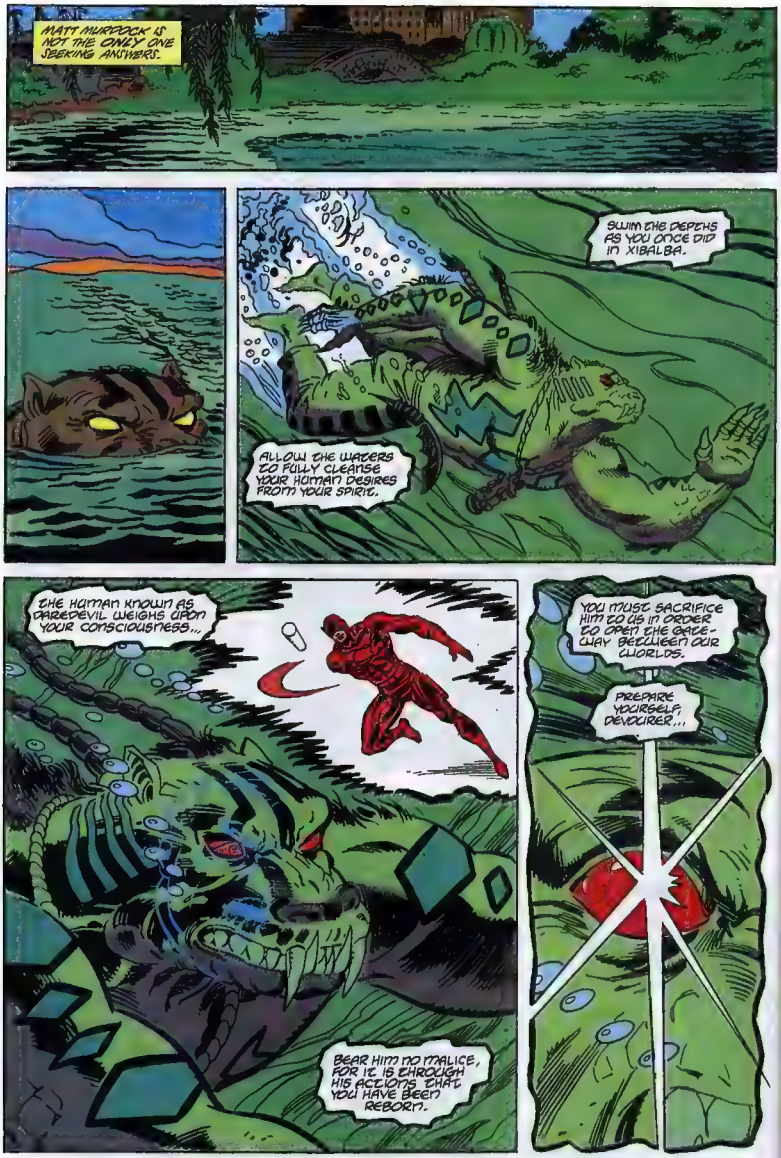
THE PREPARATION THAT HIS ALTER-EGO, MATT MURDOCK, SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOING FOR HIS CASE BEING TRIED THE NEXT MORNING.
A MORNING THAT IS ONLY FIVE HOURS AWAY.
THIS ALLOWS LITTLE TIME FOR MUCH-NEEDED SLEEP...
...SLEEP THAT HAS BEEN NEGLECTED NEARLY EVERY NIGHT THIS MONTH.

OKAY, TOMMY, CAB'S WAITIN' OUTSIDE.
YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD GET A NOSE JOB WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, IMPROVE THAT UGLY KISSER OF YOURS!
TOMMY? WHERE THE--
TOMMY'S GONE, CHUCK!
HOLY COW!
EEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYAAAAAHHHH

A NIGHT SPENT TOSSING AND TURNING GIVES WAY TO A DIFFERENT SORT OF TOSSING AT THE NEW YORK CITY COURTHOUSE.
MATT MURDOCK IS NOT USED TO LOSING CASES. HE HAS ABSOLUTELY NO DOUBT AS TO HIS CLIENT'S INNOCENCE.
...FINDS YOU GUILTY AS CHARGED.
WHAT?
NO...
AIN'T NO JUSTICE FOR A BLACK MAN IN THIS TOWN! ALL YOU WANNA-BE-WHITE OREO--
MR. RODDICK, I SUGGEST YOU SETTLE DOWN BEFORE THIS BLACK MAN HOLDS YOU IN CONTEMPT OF COURT.
SOMETHING THAT CAN GREATLY AFFECT YOUR SENTENCING.
I AM WELL AWARE OF RACIAL DIFFICULTIES WITHIN THE SYSTEM AND HAVE FOUGHT LONG AND HARD AGAINST THEM.
NOW SIT DOWN!
I'M INNOCENT, MURDOCK. YOU SAID THIS WAS GONNA BE NO PROBLEM!
I'M...I'M SORRY CLARENCE. I'LL FILE AN APPEAL IMMED--
I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, MAN. AND IF I DID, YOU ARE THE LAST--
I'LL GET YOU ACQUITTED AND I'LL DO IT FOR FREE.
YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME.
EVIDENCE THAT WOULD HAVE CLEARED THIS MAN IS NOT ABLE TO BE USED IN A COURT OF LAW.
IT WAS GATHERED WHILE MATT OPERATED UNDER THE GUISE OF DAREDEVIL.
AND A MAN WITH A MASK MAKES A POOR WITNESS.
IT ISN'T THE FIRST TIME HIS DUAL IDENTITIES HAVE HAD NEGATIVE IMPACT ON EACH OTHER.

MATT! HEY, MATT, C'MON, WAIT UP!
DON'T TAKE THIS MORNING'S LOSS SO HARD. YOUR RECORD RIVALS MOST ATTORNEYS IN THE CITY-- SOMETIMES THE SYSTEM CHOKES YOU--
THE MAN WAS INNOCENT, FOGGY. NO MAN DESERVES TO BE PUNISHED FOR ANOTHER'S CRIMES.
I DON'T CARE WHAT THE SYSTEM DOES.
SO I'M NOT GONNA CHEER YOU UP TODAY.
DID YOU SEE THIS ARTICLE ON LAST NIGHT'S MURDER--
SURE. I SAW IT IN LIVING COLOR.
I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY.
BUGLE
GUARD FOUND SLAIN
by Geri Urich
A GUARD AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART WAS FOUND DEAD LAST NIGHT WITH ALL HIS INTERNAL ORGANS MISSING--
--CUT RIGHT OUT OF HIM.
IT HAPPENED BACK IN THE RESTORATION ROOM, WHERE THEY'RE PREPARING THAT MUMMY ART STUFF--
ALL THEY FOUND MISSING, BESIDES THE GUY'S GUTS, WAS ONE STATUE--
HE WAS THERE LAST NIGHT.
THIS HAPPENED SHORTLY AFTER HE LEFT TO GET SOME SLEEP.
SLEEP. A MAN IS DEAD BECAUSE HE HAD TO SLEEP.
OVERWHELMING GUILT DEMANDS THAT HE LOOK INTO THIS MURDER HIMSELF.

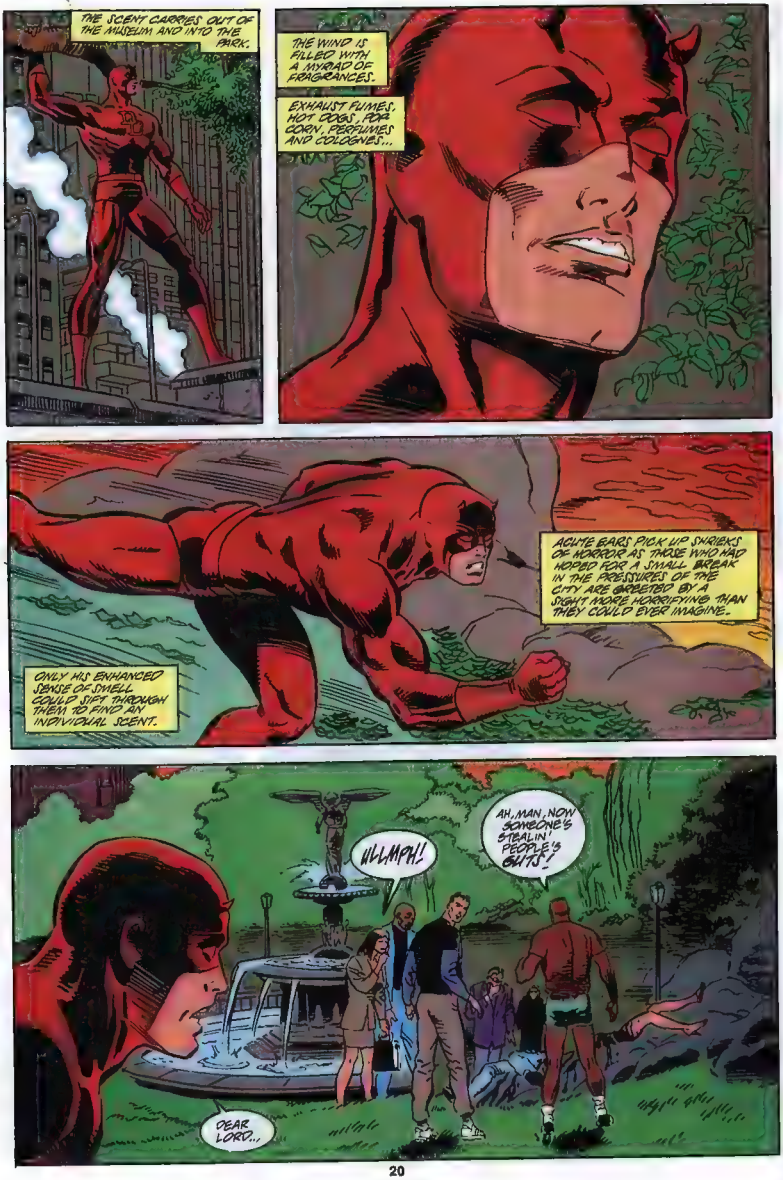
THE FIRST STEP OF THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE MAN WHO WROTE THE FRONT PAGE ARTICLE...
KOFF *KOFF*
SMOKING'S GOING TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.
EH?
CRIPES, DAREDEVIL! YOU SCARED THE STRIPES RIGHT OFF MY SHORTS!
SORRY, BEN.
I NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S MURDER.
YOU CAN'T SAY HELLO FIRST?
HELLO. WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU DIDN'T PRINT?
YOU WERE THERE EARLIER. HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO MISS ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
I STOPPED A ROBBERY AND LEFT OUR LATE GUARD TO TEND TO ANOTHER INJURED GUARD.
THAT'S PROBABLY THE MISSING GUY.
MISSING?
CURATOR SAID HE NEVER TRUSTED THE GUY. FIGURED MAYBE HE LIFTED THE STATUE AND SPLIT WHILE HIS BUDDY WAS BEIN' EVISCERATED.
UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE DID THE EVISCERATING...
I DON'T THINK SO. THANKS, BEN.
HEY... I WANT AN EXCLUSIVE IF YOU FIGURE OUT WHO DID IT! GREAT STORY IN THERE.
FOR THE TABLOIDS. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT.
I AM?


MATT MURDOCK IS NOT THE ONLY ONE SEEKING ANSWERS.
SWIM THE DEPTHS AS YOU ONCE DID IN XIBALBA.
ALLOW THE WATERS TO FULLY CLEANSE YOUR HUMAN DESIRES FROM YOUR SPIRIT.
THE HUMAN KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL WEIGHS UPON YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS...
BEAR HIM NO MALICE, FOR IT IS THROUGH HIS ACTIONS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN REBORN.
YOU MUST SACRIFICE HIM TO US IN ORDER TO OPEN THE GATE-WAY BETWEEN OUR WORLDS.
PREPARE YOURSELF, DEVOURER...

ONCE THE LORDS OF DEATH RULED FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE.
THOSE WHO WOULD DEFY OUR WORSHIP WOULD MEET THEIR FATES WITHOUT MERCY.
RECIPROCATION FOR SACRIFICES UNWORTHY OF THE LORDS OF DEATH WERE MET WITH A FATE SEALED BY YOUR BRETHREN.
THE DEATHS OF THE FAITHLESS FED OUR SPIRIT.
BUT OUR TIME WAS LIMITED AS THE WORLD CHANGED AROUND US, DESECROYING THE VERY CIVILIZATION WE SERVED TO BUILD.
OUR RESURRECTION DEPENDS SOLELY ON YOUR ACTIONS, DEVOURER.
YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED THE POWER OF A MESSIAH.
DO NOT FAIL US.

THOMAS, I STILL DON'T THINK WE SHOULD HOLD THE WEDDING IN MICHIGAN.
NEITHER SET OF PARENTS WOULD BE ABLE TO--
I DON'T WANT THEM THERE. THEY'D ONLY DISTRACT US FROM THE ATTENTION WE'LL FOCUS ON EACH OTHER!
YOU'RE GIVING ME A TOOTH-ACHE WITH ALL THIS... mmmm...
YOU OBJECT?
ONLY IF YOU STOP--
OH MY GOD...
EEEIIIII
HRAAHH!
NOOO!
YOUR RESISTANCE ONLY HINDERS YOUR JOURNEY TO XIBALBA!

NO. I DIDN'T TELL THAT REPORTER EVERYTHING.
LAST THING I NEED IS TO BE BRANDED SOME KIND OF CRACKPOT. I NEED THIS JOB, YOU KNOW.
CURATOR JOBS AREN'T EXACTLY PLENTIFUL...
...ESPECIALLY IN THIS AREA OF EXPERTISE.
CRIME SCEN -DO NOT CR
I UNDERSTAND. WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE MISSING GUARD AND STATUE?
TOMMY WEBSTER WASN'T A BAD GUY, AND THE STATUE WASN'T THE MOST VALUABLE IN THE COLLECTION--
YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME WHAT YOU REALLY KNOW.
A RAPIDLY INCREASING HEARTBEAT AND THE FETID STENCH OF ABSOLUTE TERROR TELL HIM THERE IS MUCH BURIED BENEATH THE SURFACE.
A MAN IS DEAD. ANOTHER MISSING. I'D LIKE TO PREVENT ANY MORE TRAGEDY, MR. WEBSTER SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING HIS BLOOD ON THE STATUE--
THE STATUE WAS A VISION SERPENT. ACCORDING TO RECENTLY TRANSLATED HIEROGLYPHICS, THEY SERVED THE LORDS OF DEATH.
BLOOD WAS USED AS A SACRIFICE TO THEM. IT WAS SAID THAT THE BLOOD OF THE UNENLIGHTENED WOULD BRING FORTH CREATURES OF DEATH LOOSELY TRANSLATED TO BE DEVOURERS.
HE WHO IS SACRIFICED BECOMES ONE OF THEM.
HE WHO DOES THE SACRIFICING MUST IN TURN BE SACRIFICED IN ORDER TO BRING AN ENTIRE ARMY OF DEVOURERS. PERHAPS WEBSTER--
EVERYBODY HAS A DIFFERENT READING OF THOSE HIEROGLYPHICS.
THERE'S NO PROOF TO ANY OF THOSE THEORIES.
THE SCENT OF ANCIENT STONE.
OF CHEMICALS.
THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THE FAMILIAR.
AND AN ADDITIONAL SCENT OF MUSK.
ONE THAT WAS NOT THERE THE NIGHT BEFORE.
YOU CAN SEE WHY I WAS HESITANT--


THE SCENT CARRIES OUT OF THE MUSEUM AND INTO THE PARK.
THE WIND IS FILLED WITH A MYRIAD OF FRAGRANCES.
EXHAUST FUMES, HOT DOGS, POPCORN, PERFUMES AND COLOGNES...
ACUTE EARS PICK UP SHRIEKS OF HORROR AS THOSE WHO HAD NERVED FOR A SMALL BREAK IN THE PRESSURES OF THE CITY ARE GREETED BY A SIGHT MORE HORRIFYING THAN THEY COULD EVER IMAGINE.
ONLY HIS ENHANCED SENSE OF SMELL COULD SIFT THROUGH THEM TO FIND AN INDIVIDUAL SCENT.
HLLMPH!
AH, MAN, NOW SOMEONE'S STEALIN' PEOPLE'S GUTS!
DEAR LORD...

IT'S THE SAME SCENT.

IT MUST BE NEAR.

SNIFF.
THERE--

NOTHING. ITS MUSK LINGERS.

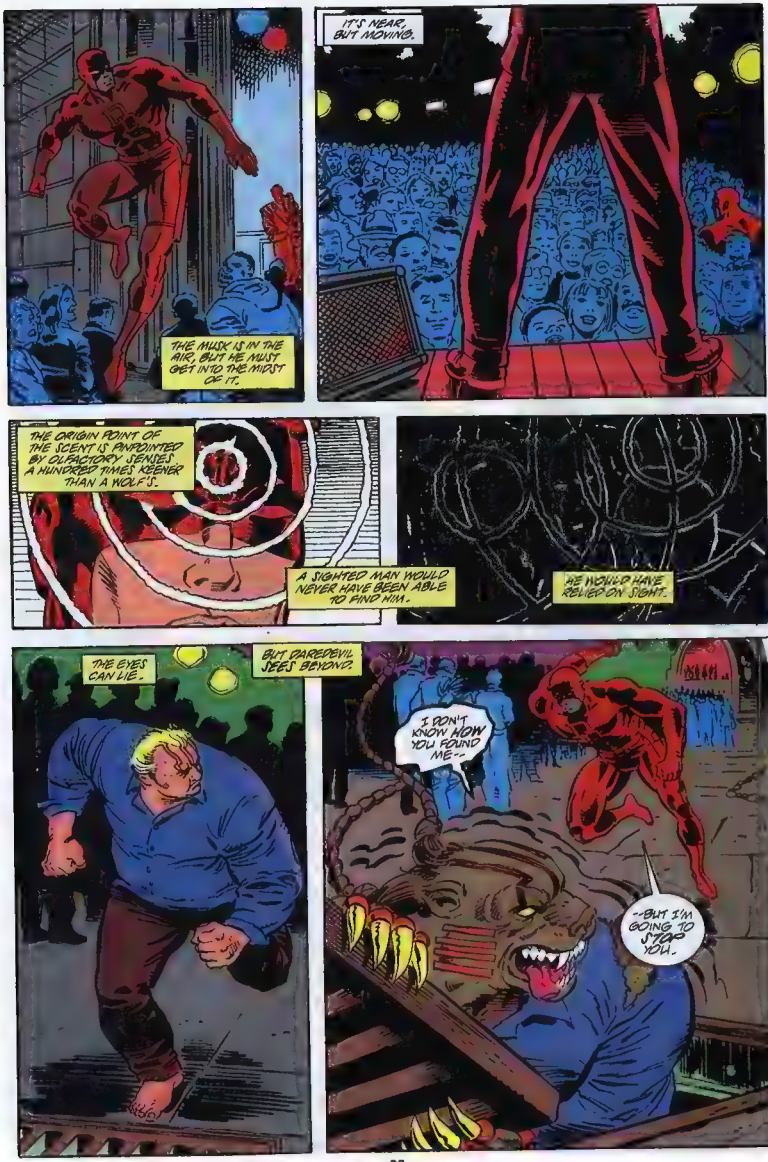
HE CAN SMELL NOTHING BUT THE SCENT HE'S FOCUSED ON.
HE LISTENS FOR WHAT NO ORDINARY MAN MIGHT THINK TO HEAR.

AN UNNATURAL RHYTHM OF BREATH.
AN ANIMAL-LIKE GROWL, NOT ASSOCIATED WITH ANY KNOWN SPECIES.
SORRY, I'LL RETURN IT.
RUN!
NO DUH!
WHOA!
YAAAAH!
THRUMP
WE CAN'T HAVE BEASTIES LIKE YOU ROAMING AROUND FREE--

SPAK
YOU BROUGHT ME INTO THIS WORLD, DEVIL.
YOU TOOK TOMMY WEBSTER'S HUMANITY...
THAT ANSWERS ANOTHER QUESTION.
YOU MUST BE SACRIFICED!
SO THE CURATOR ISN'T CRA-
-ZEOOFF!
THRUMP

THERE'S THIS THING..
AN' DAREDEVIL HIT HIM WITH A BIKE!
ARGHH!
WHAT IS THAT THING?
JUST SHOOT IT!
HUKK... HUHH... HUHH...
I WILL BE BACK FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL.
PCHNG
PCHNG
GEEZ, LOOKIT HIM GO!
DON'T SHOOT HIM...
...HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT--
GIVE US A BREAK, HORNHEAD. IT'S BOOTH BE WHAT TOOK OPEN THOSE FOLKS BACK AT THE FOUNTAIN!

I MUST HIDE...
SIR, ARE YOU--
MMM. CLOTHES. ROCK MY CLOTHES.
GOT A DOLLAR FOR ME, MMM?
THE MUSK-LIKE AROMA GUIDES HIM THROUGH THE PARK.
BUT THE DEVOURER HAS SECRETED HIMSELF WITHIN THE CROWD'S ENJOYING THIS EVENING'S CONCERT AT THE BANDSHELL.
FROM A VANTAGE POINT ON HIGH HE STRAINS TO PICK UP ON THE FAMILIAR HEARTBEAT.
RADAR SENSE FAILING TO DISCERN THE ANIMAL-LIKE OUTLINE.
THE SCENT MASKED BY THE MULTITUDE OF SCENTS EMANATING FROM THE CROWD.


THE MUSK IS IN THE AIR, BUT HE MUST GET INTO THE MIDST OF IT.
IT'S NEAR, BUT MOVING.
THE ORIGIN POINT OF THE SCENT IS PINPOINTED BY OLFACTORY SENSES A HUNDRED TIMES KEENER THAN A WOLF'S.
A SIGHTED MAN WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FIND HIM.
HE WOULD HAVE RELIED ON SIGHT.
THE EYES CAN LIE.
BUT DAREDEVIL SEES BEYOND.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND ME--
--BUT I'M GOING TO STOP YOU.

THE SMELL OF RAW DEVIAGE IS SO ACRID IT BURNS! THE SINUSES AND MASKS ALL OTHER ODORS.
WHERE--
YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU--
--YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED.
WHAT--
THROUGH THE SOUND OF RUSHING WATER AND SUBWAY CARS A HEARTBEAT IS BARELY DISCERNIBLE.
WERE HIS REMAINING SENSES NOT REELING FROM THE FUMES, HE MIGHT HAVE ANTICIPATED THE CREATURE'S ATTACK.
UHH!
SPLOOSH
LESSER MEN WOULD BE PARALYZED WITH FEAR.

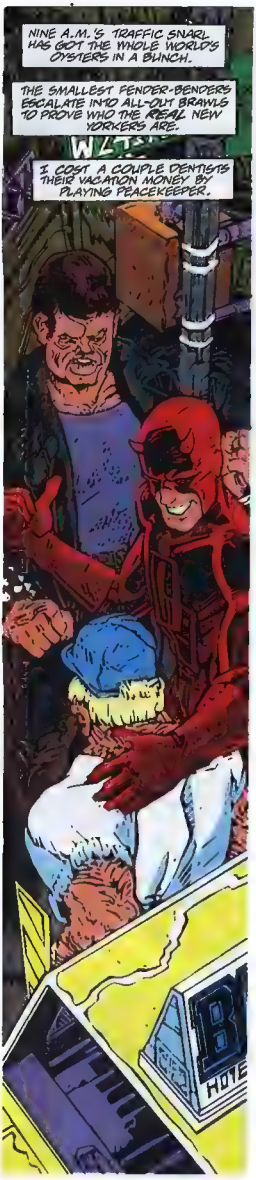
KUK
BUT DAREDEVIL IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.
HUHHH!
YOU CAN NOT AVOID YOUR DESTINY, DAREDEVIL..
YOU MUST BE SACRIFICED..
..TO APPEASE THE LORDS OF DEATH!!
THWAP

YOU CAN DO NOTHING.
HE IS A MAN OF UNRELENTING MORAL PRINCIPLE.
WITH MERE SECONDS REMAINING IN HIS LIFE, HE REACTS WITH INSTINCT.
A SURVIVAL INSTINCT.
RHOAARR!
FWOOOSH
A FLAME THAT GIVES OFF NO HEAT BURSTS FORTH FROM THE WOUND WHERE THE STATUES LIE IMPALED ON THE CREATURE.
IT IS A FLAME OF PURIFICATION.

SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE HIM PUSHES HIM INTO ACTION.
SPLOOSH
THE FLAMES MUST BE EXTINGUISHED!
HUKK HUKK
THERE'S NO WOUND...
THE BLOOD FROM THE DEVOURER MUST HAVE REVERSED THE CURSE.
OHHH... MY GOD ALL THE THINGS I DONE...
...YA SHOULDA LET ME BURN UP. I'LL BE DOIN' IT FOR YURE LATER...
IT WASN'T YOU. IT WAS THE DEVOURER WHO TOOK POSSESSION OF YOUR MIND.
DON'T PUNISH YOURSELF.
NO MAN DESERVES TO SUFFER FOR THE CRIMES OF ANOTHER
CAN YOU MAKE THE WORLD STOP SPINNIN' YORE I PUKE?

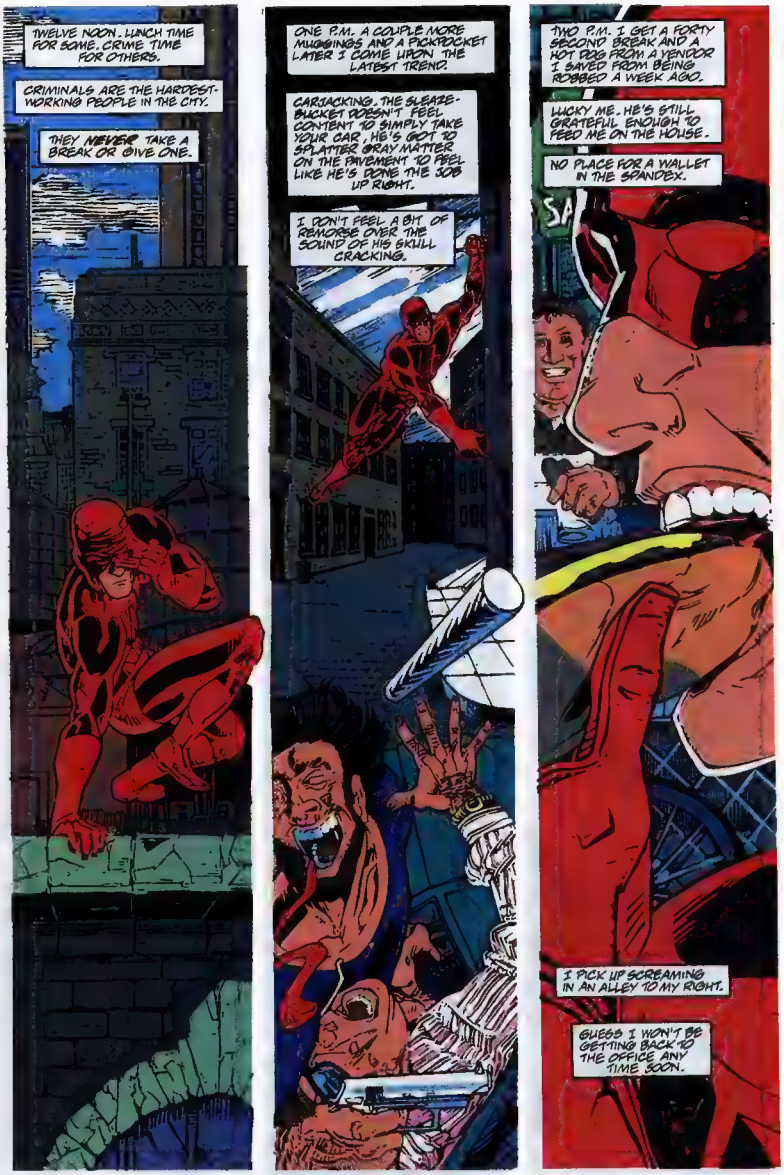
THE DATE OF CLARENCE RODDICK'S APPEAL HAS ARRIVED, GIVING MATT MURDOCK A FINAL CHANCE TO RIGHT ANOTHER INJUSTICE.
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY.
MOST WOULD FIND THE VERDICT REASON TO PAT THEMSELVES ON THE BACK AND GO OUT FOR A STEAK DINNER COMPLETE WITH CHAMPAGNE.
MR. RODDICK, YOU ARE FREE TO GO. THIS COURT IS NOW ADJOURNED.
THANKS, MURDOCK... I... I NEVER SHOULDA DOUBTED YOU.
YOU HAD EVERY REASON. YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAD A SECOND TRIAL.
THE FIRST ONE SHOULD HAVE ACQUITTED YOU.
MATT MURDOCK HAS TWO IDENTITIES.
ONE AFFECTS THE OTHER, AND VICE VERSA.
BOTH ARE OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE TO SOCIETY.
IT IS A BALANCE THAT MOST COULD NEVER HOPE TO ATTAIN.
BUT MATT MURDOCK HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MAN OF STRONG DETERMINATION.
THE END.

ON THE CLOCK
SIX A.M. I'M AWAKE WHETHER I WANT IT THAT WAY OR NOT.
EVERY MUSCLE IN MY BODY SHRIEKS WITH AWARENESS OF THE DAY'S UPCOMING ABUSE.
SEVEN A.M. I'M ON THE STREETS LESS THAN AN HOUR AND ALREADY STOPPED TWO MUGGINGS, A RAPE, AND KEPT A NUN FROM TAKING A DIVE INTO THE SIDEWALK.
I TRY TO REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT IT IS ABOUT THIS CITY THAT KEEPS ME HERE.
NOTHING POSITIVE COMES TO MIND.
EIGHT A.M. BRINGS A SENSE OF DEJA VU.
SAVING A BLIND MAN FROM BEING RUN OVER BY A TRUCK COST ME MY SIGHT AS A YOUTH.
THE RESULTING CHEMICAL BATH ENHANCED MY REMAINING SENSES SO I COULD PLAY STREET CRUSADER.
I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T LIVED IT.

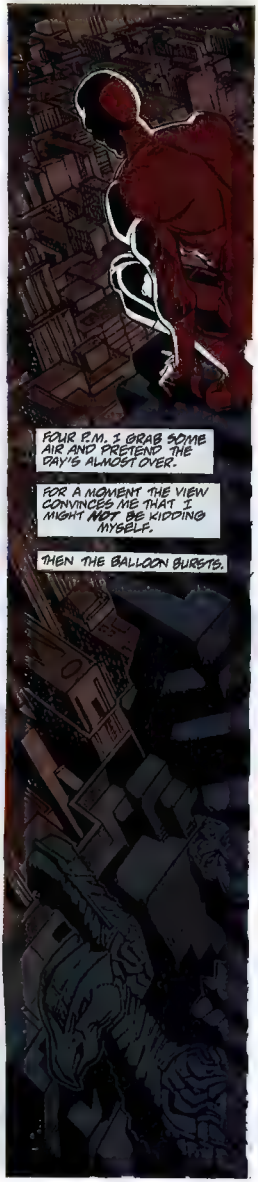

NINE A.M.'S TRAFFIC SNARL HAS GOT THE WHOLE WORLD'S OYSTERS IN A BUNCH.
THE SMALLEST FENDER-BENDERS ESCALATE INTO ALL-OUT BRAWLS TO PROVE WHO THE REAL NEW YORKERS ARE.
I COST A COUPLE DENTISTS THEIR VACATION MONEY BY PLAYING PEACEKEEPER.

TEN A.M. I'M LATE GETTING INTO THE OFFICE - AGAIN.
MY EXCUSE WOULD BLOW ANY SEMBLANCE OF KEEPING MY DUAL IDENTITIES A SECRET.
FOGGY'S GOT A GUY WHO'S BEEN FIRED FROM HIS JOB UNJUSTLY STANDING NERVOUSLY IN MY DOOR.

ELEVEN A.M. I HAVEN'T GOTTEN A WORD IN FOR AN HOUR - I NOD A LOT.
HE'S GOT A GOOD CASE. ONE THAT CAN BE WON EASILY.
BUT FROM THE SOUNDS OF IT, HE'D BE BETTER OFF GETTING A NEW JOB.
UNFORTUNATELY, IN TODAY'S ECONOMY, THAT MIGHT PROVE DIFFICULT.


TWELVE NOON. LUNCH TIME FOR SOME. CRIME TIME FOR OTHERS.
CRIMINALS ARE THE HARDEST-WORKING PEOPLE IN THE CITY.
THEY NEVER TAKE A BREAK OR GIVE ONE.
ONE P.M. A COUPLE MORE MUGGINGS AND A PICKPOCKET LATER I COME UPON THE LATEST TREND.
CARJACKING. THE SLEAZE-BUCKET DOESN'T FEEL CONTENT TO SIMPLY TAKE YOUR CAR. HE'S OUT TO SPLATTER GRAY MATTER ON THE PAVEMENT TO FEEL LIKE HE'S DONE THE JOB UP RIGHT.
I DON'T FEEL A BIT OF REMORSE OVER THE SOUND OF HIS SKULL CRACKING.
TWO P.M. I GET A FORTY SECOND BREAK AND A HOT DOG FROM A VENDOR I SAVED FROM BEING ROBBED A WEEK AGO.
LUCKY ME. HE'S STILL GRATEFUL ENOUGH TO FEED ME ON THE HOUSE.
NO PLACE FOR A WALLET IN THE SPANDEX.
I PICK UP SCREAMING IN AN ALLEY TO MY RIGHT.
GUESS I WON'T BE GETTING BACK TO THE OFFICE ANY TIME SOON.

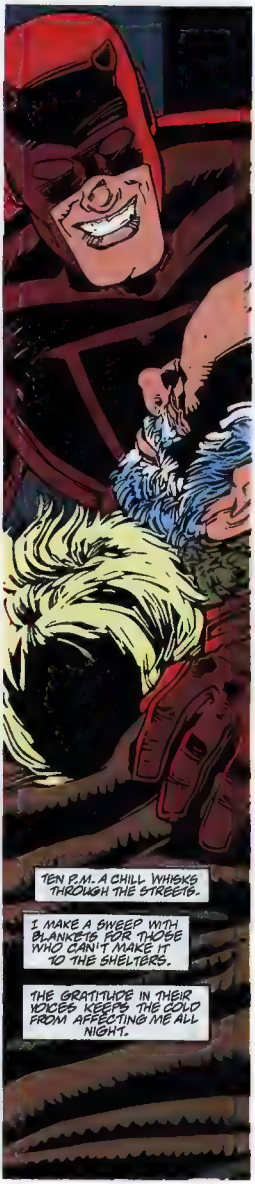
THREE P.M. IT'S THREE AGAINST ONE, AND THE ONE IS A LITTLE GIRL.
I COUNT IT AS MISFORTUNE, THAT I CAN GUESS WHAT THEIR GAME IS.
THREE TO ONE, WHEN THE ONE IS ME, STILL ISN'T FAIR.
FOR THEM I MEAN.


FOUR P.M. I GRAB SOME AIR AND PRETEND THE DAY'S ALMOST OVER.
FOR A MOMENT THE VIEW CONVINCES ME THAT I MIGHT NOT BE KIDDING MYSELF.
THEN THE BALLOON BURSTS.

FIVE P.M. EVENING RUSH HOUR'S GOT EVERYONE JUICED TO GET HOME.
EVERYONE'S SO DISTRACTED THAT A BANK ACTUALLY GETS ROBBED.
COPS'LL NEVER MAKE IT THROUGH THE TRAFFIC IN TIME.
THE PLINKS WILL NEVER EVEN SEE ME COMING.

SIX P.M. I FINALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE SOUND A LOST CHILD MAKES WHEN REUNITED WITH HIS MOTHER.
SEVEN P.M. SOMETIMES MY STREET REPUTATION ALONE IS ENOUGH TO STOP A GROUP OF YOUNG TOUGHS IN THEIR TRACKS.
THEY RUN BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO WARN THEM OFF.
EIGHT P.M. I'M RIGHT BACK IN A BOILING KETTLE.
OVER AN HOUR LATE FOR A DINNER ENGAGEMENT WITH KAREN.
IT'S THE KIND OF THING NO WOMAN CAN PUT UP WITH FOREVER.

NINE P.M. PROSTITUTION IS NOT ONE OF THE PROFESSIONS I CAN HONESTLY SAY I APPROVE OF.
BUT I APPROVE OF IT MORE THAN I DO OF THE PIMPS WHO BEAT ON THE WOMEN.
I MAY NOT SEE THE FEAR I'VE INSTILLED IN HIM, BUT I CAN HEAR IT IN HIS VOICE.


TEN P.M. A CHILL WHISKS THROUGH THE STREETS.
I MAKE A SWEEP WITH BLANKETS FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE SHELTERS.
THE GRATITUDE IN THEIR VOICES KEEPS THE COLD FROM AFFECTING ME ALL NIGHT.

ELEVEN P.M. I'VE BEEN AWAKE FOR SEVENTEEN HOURS. IN THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS.
MY DAILY PATROL REMINDS ME OF THE THINGS I LOVE ABOUT THIS CITY.
IT ALSO REMINDS ME OF WHAT I'M FIGHTING FOR.
JUST AS I BEGIN TO FEEL CONTENT, I REALIZE THAT THE NIGHT IS ONLY BEGINNING.
THE END

Resurrections

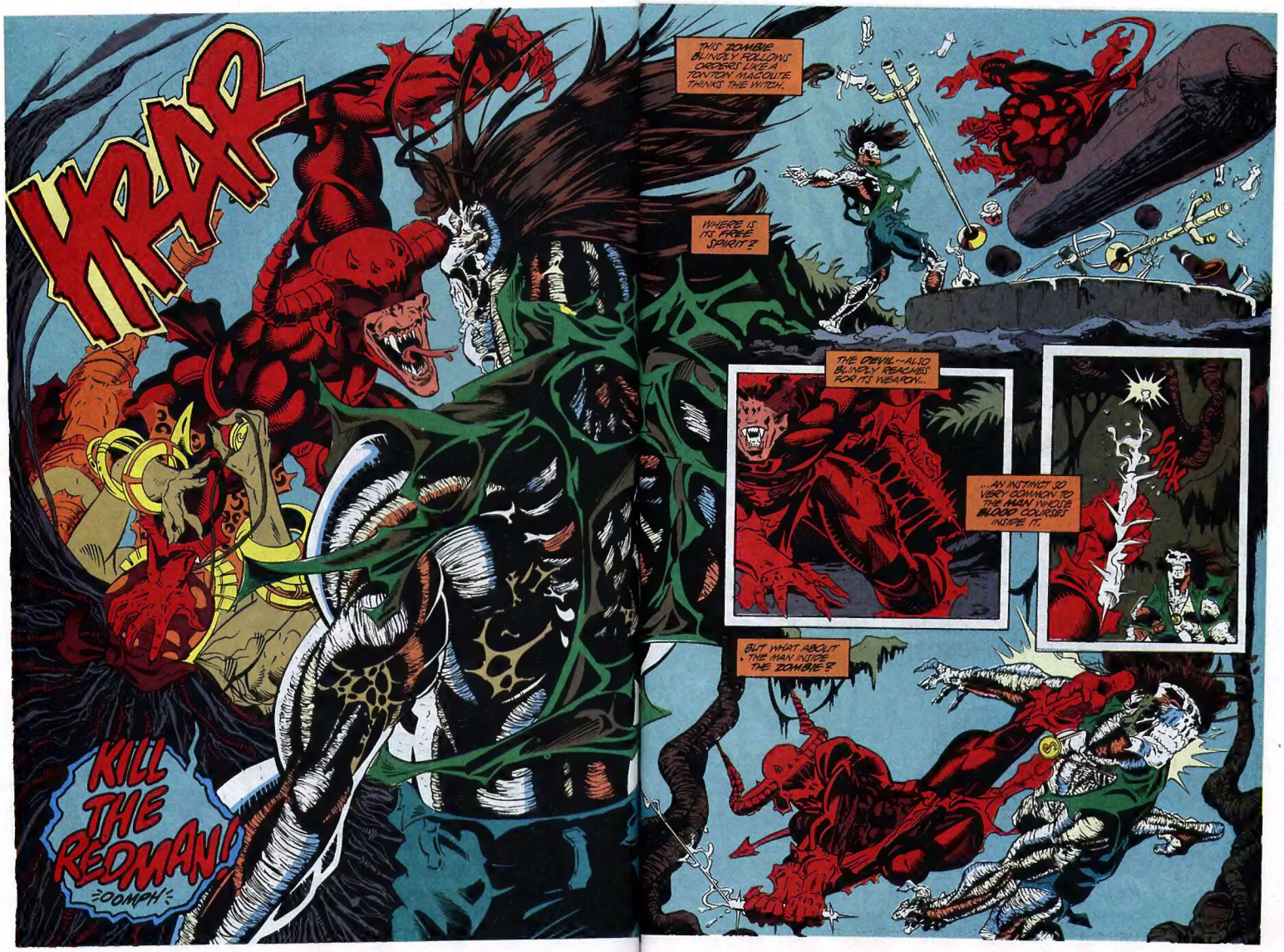
"SIMON GARTH WAS A RUTHLESS BUSINESSMAN WHOSE SECRETARY, LAYLA, LOVED HIM DESPITE HER MISTREATMENT AT HIS HANDS.
"GARTH'S GARDENER GYPS, STABBED HIM TO DEATH WITH HIS GARDEN SHEARS. BUT THAT WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE GARDENER.
"LAYLA WAS A VOUDONISTE PRIESTESS, AND GYPS FORCED HER TO TURN GARTH INTO A ZOMBIE USING THE MATCHING TALISMANS OF DAMBALLAH.
ONE TALISMAN WAS PLACED AROUND THE DEAD MAN'S NECK. THE OTHER WAS GIVEN TO GYPS, WHO COULD CONTROL THE ZOMBIE WITH IT.
"GYPS TRIED TO FORCE THE ZOMBIE INTO KIDNAPPING GARTH'S DAUGHTER FOR HIS OWN LUSTFUL PURPOSES.
...BUT A REMAINING PORTION OF GARTH'S SPIRIT ENABLE THE ZOMBIE TO REBUFF GYPS AND KILL HIM.
"THE AMULET FELL INTO A SUCCESSION OF HANDS BEFORE A VENGEFUL WOMAN OBTAINED IT AND COMMANDED GARTH TO STRIKE THE PRIESTESS LAYLA A MORTAL BLOW.
"LAYLA-- FRIEND WHO LOVED GARTH, FOE WHO MADE HIM A ZOMBIE -- USED THE MAGIC OF THAT PARASITE TO TRANSFER HER EBBING LIFE ESSENCE INTO THE ZOMBIE, RETURNING HIM TO LIFE FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SETTLE HIS AFFAIRS.
"AFTER THAT TWENTY FOUR HOUR PERIOD, GARTH BECAME A ZOMBIE ONCE MORE, AND I BURIED HIM ON THIS SPOT, THUS ENDING HIS CURSE FOREVER."

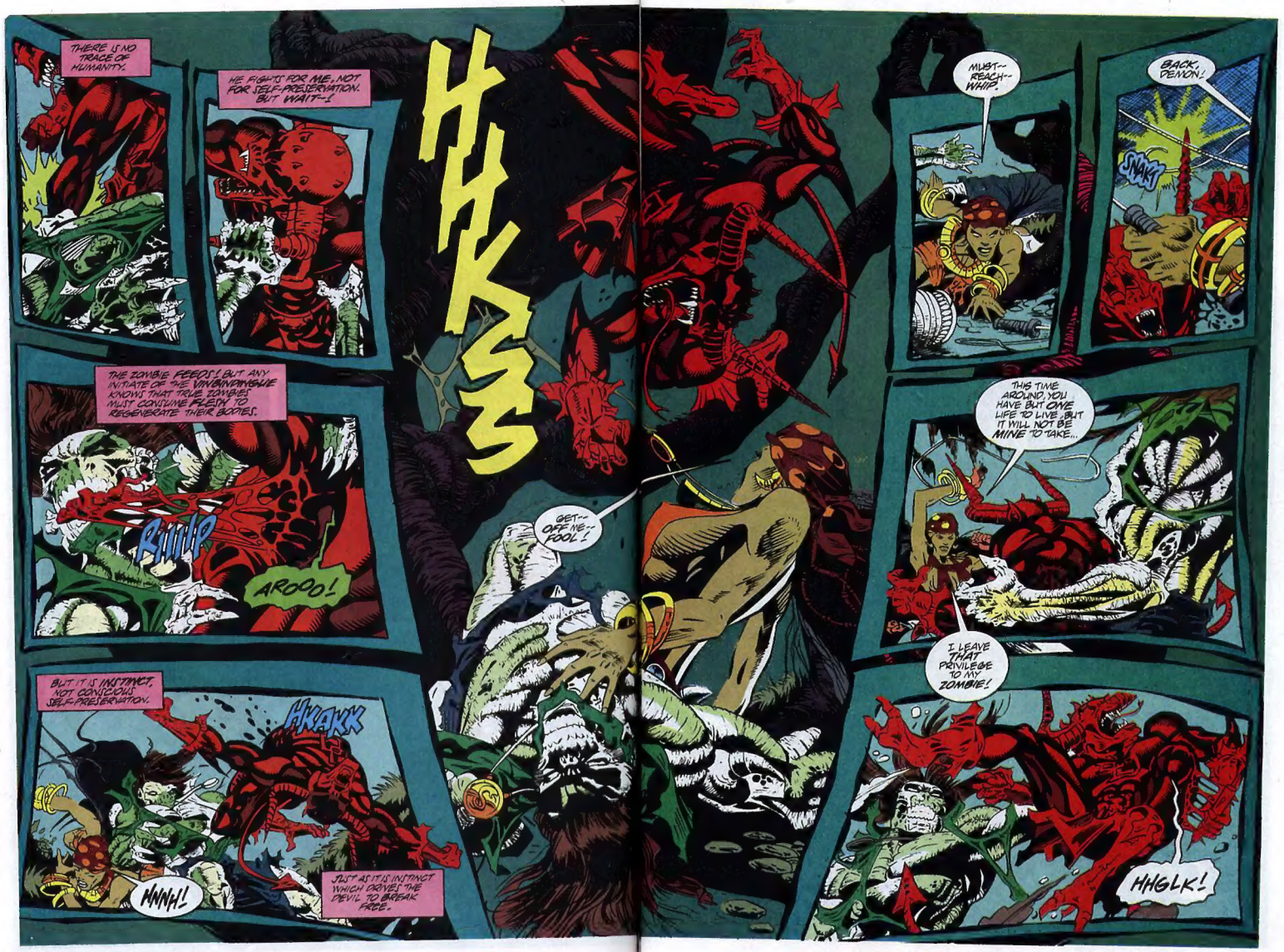
I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF THIS ZOMBIE WHOSE SPIRIT NEVER FLED HIS BODY AT DEATH.
PAPA DOC-- YOU WILL RESURRECT HIM FOR ME. I WILL PAY YOU MORE GOURDES!
NO, IT WILL NOT BE DONE.
AH, YOU STRIKE A HARD BARGAIN, OLD MAN. PERHAPS IF CALYPSO SUBMITS HERSELF TO YOU...
CLOTHE YOURSELF, CHILD. THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY.
WHEN I ENDED THE CURSE OF THE ZOMBIE, I GRANTED SIMON GARTH A DIGNIFIED DEATH. TO UNDO THAT WOULD DO MSGR. GARTH AND THE WORLD A DISSERVICE.
SO THIS ZOMBIE CONSIDERED YOU A FRIEND? BUT YOU ENDED HIS EXISTENCE -- DOES THAT NOT MAKE YOU HIS FOE?
YES, BUT--
THEN BY THE MAGIC OF PARADOX, I CLAIM YOUR LIFE!
AAA!

FOOL! I HAVE ENDURED TOO MUCH TO LET A DRIED-UP OLD HOUNGAN STOP ME NOW.
"I TORE THIS HORN FROM THE DEVIL-GE-ROUGE AND SLAUGHTERED HIM WITH IT!
"BUT THE TRUE HOUNGAN SET MY ZOMBIES AGAINST ME, AND THEY DESTROYED MY HOUNFORT.
"... ESCAPED THE FALLING DEBRIS BY LEAPING INTO A COFFIN, WHERE I WAITED UNTIL I WAS DUG FREE."
YOU SEE-- NOT EVEN THE DEVIL CAN KEEP ME FROM MY GOAL!
YOU NO LONGER REQUIRE THE BALUMAN OF DAMBALLAH...
...BUT I CANNOT PERFORM THE RA MOUN CEREMONY WITHOUT IT!
COLLECT YOUR BLOOD...
...SUCK YOUR VIVI-- YOUR SOUL-- FROM YOUR CORPSE...
"...CAPTURE IT IN THE ROT-DE-TETE!
SEAL IT AND PLACE IT ON THE ZOMBIE'S GRAVE.
DAMBALLAH-WEDO LA, KE LE MANYAN!
BARON CIMETERRE LA, KE LE MANYAN!
GAGNIN YUN JU WA CHONGE MOIN LA!
KOA SIMBO, SIMON GARTH.
KOA SIMBO...

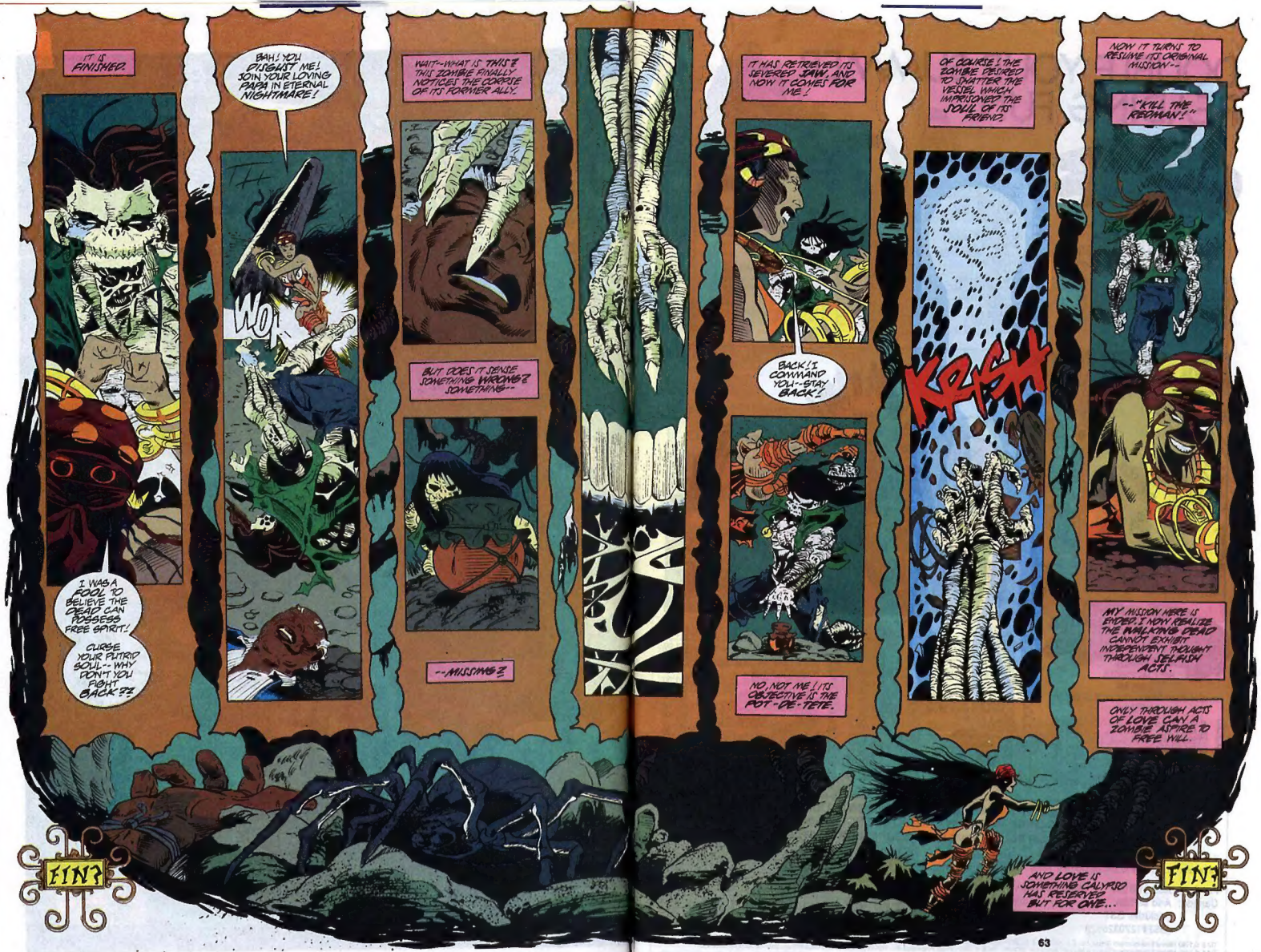
ZOMBIE
HA HA HA HA HA HA
OH..MY EXQUISITE MASS OF ROTTED FLESH...
...WHAT FEATS OF STRENGTH CAN YOU PERFORM TO PLEASE ME?
AIBOBO! YOU UPROOTED THAT TREE LIKE IT WAS A SAPLING!
BUT STRENGTH IS NOTHING WITHOUT FREE WILL. YOU STILL MUST PROVE TO ME THAT A ZOMBIE CAN HAVE THE ESSENCE OF THE MAN IT ONCE WAS!
KRAK
AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO INSPIRE ONE'S HEART THAN THROUGH BATTLE--
--WITH A WORTHY OPPONENT?!

IT IS SAID THAT GOD CREATED MAN FROM EARTH AND CLAY--
KOA SINBO, DEVIL GE ROUGE!
--BUT THE DEVIL TAINTS THIS SCULPTURE--
--AS DOES THE BLOOD OF THE TRUE REDMAN STOLEN FROM HIM WHEN WE LAST MET.
O NON DE MET BARON CIMETERRE, DIAB BALE ROUGE. AGO-SI, AGO-LA.
AH, YES--YOU RISE...
WHAT IS THIS? YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR ENEMY!
HKKKK
BUT THIS IS NOT TO BE OUR BATTLE--HNNG!
ZOMBIE SLAVE--WHY DO YOU STAND THERE? PROTECT YOUR MASTER!
HHRUNK?


KRAA
KILL THE REDMAN!
OOMPH
THIS ZOMBIE BLINDLY FOLLOWS ORDERS LIKE A TONTON MACOUTE. THINKS THE WITCH.
WHERE IS ITS FREE SPIRIT?
THE DEVIL--ALSO BLINDLY REACHES FOR ITS WEAPON...
...AN INSTINCT SO VERY COMMON TO THE MAN WHOSE BLOOD COURSES INSIDE IT.
FAK
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MAN INSIDE THE ZOMBIE?


THERE IS NO TRACE OF HUMANITY.
HE FIGHTS FOR ME, NOT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION. BUT WAIT--!
THE ZOMBIE FEEDS! BUT ANY INITIATE OF THE VOODOOMAGUE KNOWS THAT TRUE ZOMBIES MUST CONSUME FLESH TO REGENERATE THEIR BODIES.
RIIIP
AROOO!
BUT IT IS INSTINCT, NOT CONSCIOUS SELF-PRESERVATION.
HKAKK
WNNH!
JUST AS IT IS INSTINCT WHICH DRIVES THE DEVIL TO BREAK FREE.
HKKSS
GET-- OFF ME-- FOOL!
MUST-- REACH-- WHIP.
BACK, DEMON!
SNAK!
THIS TIME AROUND, YOU HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LIVE. BUT IT WILL NOT BE MINE TO TAKE...
I LEAVE THAT PRIVILEGE TO MY ZOMBIE!
HHGLK!

SPAK
SPAK
KRAK
THE DEVIL PRESSES TO ATTACK. THE ZOMBIE ALMOST WELCOMES IT.
CURSE YOU, OLD MAN...
...YOU THREW YOUR USELESS LIFE AWAY AS SIMPLY AS I THROW THIS USELESS JAW!
HO! DID THAT MERIT YOUR ATTENTION, DEMON?
BONK!
YOU RECOGNIZE MY YORUBA SPIRIT DRUM? ITS BEAT TERRIFIES PREY INTO SNARES OF SLAUGHTER.
DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM
EYELESS, IT STARES--A CEREMONIAL TORCH.
MINDLESS, IT ACTS--A WELL-PLACED THROW.
MY DRUM-- AFLAME!!
HOPELESS, IT FLEES--TAIL BETWEEN LEGS.


IT IS FINISHED.
I WAS A FOOL TO BELIEVE THE DEAD CAN POSSESS FREE SPIRIT!
CURSE YOUR PUTRID SOUL-- WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT BACK??
BAH! YOU DISGUST ME! JOIN YOUR LOVING PAPA IN ETERNAL NIGHTMARE!
WOP
WAIT--WHAT IS THIS? THIS ZOMBIE FINALLY NOTICES THE CORPSE OF ITS FORMER ALLY.
BUT DOES IT SENSE SOMETHING WRONG? SOMETHING--
--MISSING?
IT HAS RETRIEVED ITS SEVERED JAW, AND NOW IT COMES FOR ME!
BACK! I COMMAND YOU--STAY BACK!
NO, NOT ME! ITS OBJECTIVE IS THE POT-DE-TETE.
OF COURSE! THE ZOMBIE DESIRED TO SHATTER THE VESSEL WHICH IMPRISONED THE SOUL OF ITS FRIEND.
KRISH
NOW IT TURNS TO RESUME ITS ORIGINAL MISSION--
--"KILL THE REDMAN!"
MY MISSION HERE IS ENDED. I NOW REALIZE THE WALKING DEAD CANNOT EXHIBIT INDEPENDENT THOUGHT THROUGH SELFISH ACTS.
ONLY THROUGH ACTS OF LOVE CAN A ZOMBIE ASPIRE TO FREE WILL.
AND LOVE IS SOMETHING CALYPSO HAS RESERVED BUT FOR ONE...
FIN?
FIN?